

*ALFRED*  
THE  
GREAT;  
AN  
ORATORIO.

As perform'd at the  
THEATRE-ROYAL  
IN  
DRURY-LANE.

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The Music composed by Dr. ARNE.

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LONDON:  
Sold by T. LOWNDES in FLEET-STREET:  
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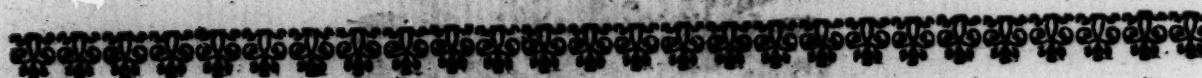
И

А L F R E D .      E L T R U D A ,

Prince EDWARD ,      E M M A ,

Earl of DEVON ,      E D I T H .

C O R I N .



L O N D O N :

printed in the English & French Languages  
[London : 1795.]



# A L F R E D.

A I A

## A C T I.

(going to a Stained glass window)

awold airish as you'll an allonil af

C O R I N and E M M A.

C O R I N.

E M M A, 'tis he ; against yon aged Oak,  
Pensive and lost in Thought, he leans his Head ;  
Poor tho' he seem, he is no common Man,  
Modest of Carriage, and of Speech most gracious,  
As if some Saint or Angel in Disguise  
Had grac'd our lowly Cottage with his Presence.  
He steals, I know not how, into the Heart,  
And makes it pant to serve him.

E M M A.

Thou hast a Heart sweet Pity loves to dwell in ;  
But think upon our Safety.

C O R I N.

O ! just Gods !  
When shall I see due Vengeance on these DANES,  
That war with Heav'n and us ?

A I A

**A L F R E D.**

## EMMA.

Alas! my Love,  
These Passions misbecome the poor Man's State;  
To Heav'n, and to the Rulers of the Land,  
Leave all such Thoughts, and wisely seek Content  
From rural Plainnes, and an humble Mind.

A I R.

Observe the fragrant, blushing Rose,  
(Tho' in the humble Vale it spring)  
It smells as sweet, as fair it blows,  
As in the Garden of a King:  
So calm Content as oft is found complete  
In the low Cot, as in the lofty Seat.

## SCENE II.

# ALFRED and EARL of DEVON.

## ALFRED.

How long, sweet Heav'n, how long  
Shall red War desolate this prostrate Land?  
All, all is lost----And ALFRED lives to tell it!  
His Cities laid in Dust! his Subjects slaughter'd,  
Or into Slaves debas'd! The murd'rous Foe  
Proud and exulting in the gen'ral Shame!  
Oh, ruin'd People, miserable ENGLAND!

A I R.

A L F R E D.

A I R.

Genius of BRITANNIA's Isle,  
Hope inspir'g,  
Ardor firing,  
Gracious deign one heav'nly Smile :  
Help this Island to defend !  
O ! protect me,  
O ! direct me,  
To attain the glorious End.

D E V O N.

Who has not known ill Fortune, never knew  
Himself, or his own Virtue---Take Comfort, Sir,  
A sudden Thought, as if by Heav'n inspir'd,  
Darts on my Soul----One Castle still is ours ;  
Though close begirt and shaken by the DANES :  
In this Disguise, my Chance of passing on  
Is promising, and wears a lucky Face :  
I'll fly, my Prince, with all the Speed I may,  
To animate our Brothers of the War,  
Those ENGLISHMEN, who yet deserve the Name.

A L F R E D.

Ha, DEVON ! thou hast rouz'd my flumb'ring Virtue---  
Come on, my noble Friend !

D E V O N.

Pardon, my Liege ;  
The Thought was mine ; be mine alone the Hazard.

A I R.

C H A C A

## A L F R E D.

A I R.

Restrain th' impetuous glowing Heat,  
 That kindles in your Face ;  
 So shall your Vengeance be complete,  
 And soon effect th' intire Defeat  
 Of all the DANISH Race.

[Exit.]

A L F R E D, alone.

What blooming Lady, of majestic Mien,  
 Leading a Stripling of uncommon Beauty,  
 Are driven by Fate to seek Protection here ?

S C E N E II. to 'Hailm H.

E L T R U D A.

Sweet Valley----

A L F R E D.

Melodious Songstress ! how thy plaintive Voice  
 Sighs thro' the Vale, and wakes the mournful Echo !

A I R. E L T R U D A.

Sweet Valley, say, where pensive lying,  
 For me, our Children, ENGLAND fighting,

The best of Mortals leans his Head.

Ye Fountains, dimpled by my Sorrow,

Ye Brooks, that my Complaining borrow,

O ! lead me to his lonely Bed :

Or if my Lover,

Deep Woods, ye cover,

R I A Ah ! whisper where your Shadows round him spread.

A L F R E D

A L F R E D.

7

Sure, by the Voice, and Purport of the Song,  
This gen'rous Mourner is my Queen ELTRUDA!  
Away, deluding Thought-----It cannot be.  
But they advance-----  
O! bounteous Heav'n ! 'Tis my Queen and Son.

E L T R U D A.

My Love ! my Life ! my ever honour'd Husband !  
O ! take me to thy Arms, with Toil o'ercome,  
And sudden Transport, thus at once to find Thee !  
In this wild Forest, pathless and perplex'd.

A L F R E D.

Come to my Soul, thou dearest, best of Women..  
O ! welcome, valiant EDWARD.

E D W A R D.

Dearest Father,  
The Heart-felt Joy that rises at thy Presence,  
Has made Amends for all my Sorrows past.

A I R:

Why beats my Heart with such Devotion?  
Why swim my Eyes, when you are near?  
'Tis Love that gives the busy Motion ;  
'Tis Joy that drops the falling Tear.

A L F R E D.

Kind Heav'n, that sent this unexpected Blessing,  
May yet have happy Days in Store.

T O A

Bu

## A L F R E D.

But see! the Nymphs and Swains, in sportive Glee,  
 Pleas'd with the Pipe and Tabor's merry Sound.  
 Stand all aloof, not daring to advance;  
 Let us retire—we interrupt's their Sport,

## E D T R U D A.

No my dear Lord---be seated on this Bank  
 While I, in cheerful Song, invite their Presence.  
 Innocent Mirth will lighten heavy Cares.

## A I R.

Nymphs and Shepherds, come away,  
 Wanton in the Sweets of May,  
 Trip it o'er the flow'ry Lawns,  
 Swifter than the bounding Fawns,  
 Frolic, buxom, blith and gay,  
 Nymphs and Shepherds, come away.

## C H O R U S.

We come from Hill, from Dale and Grove,  
 Faithful to Friendship, true to Love;  
 Gay Health the Produce of our Soil,  
 And sweet our Pleasures after Toil.

**E N D of the F I R S T A C T.**

## A L F R E D.

**A C T**

## A C T II. S C E N E I.

E D I T H.

R E C I T A T I V E accompanied.

O Fatal Love of Fame, O cruel War,  
That tore my DAMON from these widow'd Arms !  
Detested, bloody Field, where fell my Love,  
Give, give me back my Swain—  
Ah no ! he sleeps in Death's Embrace ;  
In vain sad EDITH calls,  
Wafting her Sorrows on the heedless Air.

A I R.

I.

A Youth, adorn'd with ev'ry Art,  
To warm and win the coldest Heart,  
In secret, mine possess'd ;  
The Morning Bud, that fairest blows,  
The vernal Oak, that straitest grows,  
His Face and Shape express'd.

II.

In moving Sounds he told his Tale,  
Soft as the Sighings of the Gale  
That wakes the flow'ry Year,

B

No

## A L F R E D.

No wonder he cou'd charm with Ease,  
 Whom happy Nature form'd to please,  
 Whom Honour made sincere.

## E L T R U D A and E M M A.

**E L T R U D A.** What Cause but Love could wake such piercing Grief?  
 The unrelenting Iron Hand of War  
 Has crush'd the Cottage with the lofty Palace.

## A I R.

Oh Peace, the fairest Child of Heav'n,  
 To whom the sylvan Reign was giv'n,  
 The Vale, the Fountain, and the Grove,  
 With ev'ry softer Scene of Love,  
 Return, sweet Peace, and cheer the weeping Swain,  
 Return with Ease and Pleasure in thy Train.

## A L F R E D.

Why does my Love to this untimely Sky  
 Expose her Health? The Dews of Night fall fast,  
 The chill Breeze sighs aloud.

## E L T R U D A.

My dearest Lord,  
 Think not my Eyes shall e'er be seal'd with Sleep,  
 While ALFRED wakes, oppress'd with racking Cares  
 For me, his Children, and his bleeding Kingdom.

## E D W A R D.

Great Sir, a Messenger from valiant EDWIN  
 Commends this Letter to your royal Hand.

ALFRED:

*A L F R E D.*

II

*A L F R É D.*

Now, **E**DWARD, Fortune smiles, or frowns for ever.  
O! bounteous Heav'n, this scents of Liberty.—  
Incredible! in these surrounding Woods,  
When Night's dark Mantle shall descend to veil them,  
Twelve hundred Men, accoutred at all Points,  
The hardy Gleanings of the well-fought Field,  
Behind yon rushy Brook, from hence due East,  
Will meet, expecting **ALFRED** for their Leader.

*E L T R U D A.*

**O!** loyal **E**DWIN.

*E D W A R D.*

Fortunate Event!

*A I R.*

I.

As Calms succeed, when Storms are past,  
And still the raging Main;  
So Joy will have its Hour at last,  
And borrow Sweets from Pain.

II.

No more we'll shun the Face of Day,  
Beneath these Shades to mourn:  
All Joys with **ALFRED** fled away,  
All meet in his Return.

*E L T R U D A.*

Listen my Lord, sure this is fairy Ground—  
What Heav'ny Notes fail on the ambient Air.

## A L F R E D.

## C H O R U S.

Sing heav'nly Choristers, sing, sing;  
 To cheerful Lays,  
 Your Voices raise,  
 And fire to Glory ENGLAND's King.  
 Thy Hope awake, thy Heart expand,  
 With all its Vigor, all its Fires;  
 Arise and save a sinking Land;  
 Thy Country calls, and Heav'n inspires:  
 Earth calls, and Heav'n inspires.

## E L T R U D A.

Gracious Heav'n, O hear me!  
 Let Vengeance, long suspended,  
 Strike at the guilty Breast.  
 The DANISH Race shall fear thee,  
 Thy saving Arm extended,  
 To succour the oppress'd.

## A L F R E D.

EDWARD, observe,—one Castle still is ours;  
 Tho' close begirt and shaken by the DANES.  
 Thou know'st there is a Path, that, under-ground,  
 From Kinwith Forest winds in deep Descent,  
 And in the Fortress ends.

## E D W A R D.

I know it well.

## A L F R E D.

Away, brave Youth, and animate the few,  
 Those ENGLISHMEN, who yet deserve the Name.

EDWARD.

*A L F R E D.*

13

E D W A R D.

What Time, great Sire, shall I expect your Troops?

*A L F R E D.*

At Three, these Men, with ALFRED at their Head,  
Shall in the Rear assail the hostile Camp,  
While your warm Sally pours upon the Front.

*E D W A R D.*

Smile, righteous Heav'n, on this great Enterprize!

*A L F R E D.*

Vengeance, O! come, inspire me!  
Virtue and Freedom fire me!  
Join me, ye Sons of Glory;  
The Foe shall fly before ye,  
And Fame record your Story,  
In never-dying Lays.

*A L F R E D.*

Now, lovely ELTRUDE, to our homely Cot,  
Where thou shalt see me cloath'd in martial Terror;  
Vindictive in the Cause of Liberty..

*A L F R E D.*

Tho' Storms a while the Sun obscure;  
No Cloud can quench his genial Ray,  
Tho' lost to View, he shines as pure,  
As bright, as in the Blaze of Day;  
At length, triumphant o'er the Night,  
His Beams prevail, and all is Light.

SCENE.

**A L F R E D.**

**S C E N E** Kinwith-Castle.

**DEVON, and SOLDIERS.**

Welcome, my Friends, welcome to Liberty,  
Bravely you've join'd these hardy Sons of War;  
The last remaining Castle, by your Courage,  
Is rescu'd from the DANES,  
Let us pursue the Advantage we have gain'd,  
Till ENGLAND be redeem'd, then, crown'd with Conquest,  
I'll tend you to the Presence of the King.

**C H O R U S of S O L D I E R S.**

Speak Drums, speak Trumpets, to the Skies,  
To Heav'n resound our grateful Praise;  
Let ALFRED's Fame exalted rise;  
The Tyrant DANE confounded lies,  
And Peace shall crown our future Days.

**E N D of the S E C O N D A C T.**

**A C T**

---

## A C T III.      S C E N E I.

D E V O N and S O L D I E R S.

**N**OW Freedom, long depress'd, again shall rise,  
And boldly stride at large thro' happy BRITAIN.

A F R.

Stretch'd along the River's flow'ry Side;  
Where murmur'ring Waters glide,  
Or in the vernal Grove,  
Whose Shade embosoms Peace and Love,  
No more shall War's Alarms your Blis annoy;  
But rural Sports each happy Hour employ.

E M M A and P E A S A N T S.

E M M A.

Wish'd Ev'n'g now is come, and this soft Hour,  
Close of our daily Toil, in Mirth shall pass;  
But wherefore thus delays each Lad and Lass  
Our sportive Measures on the verdant Grass.

A I R..

I.

If those who live in Shepherd's Bow'r,  
Pref not the gay and stately Bed,

Tlie

The new mown Hay, and breathing Flow'r,  
A softer Couch beneath them spread,

## II.

I If those who join in Shepherd's Sport,  
Dancing on the daisy'd Ground,  
Have not the Splendor of a Court ;  
Yet Love adorns the merry Round.

*Enter CORIN and EMMA.*

C O R I N.

O happy Hour ! O pleasing, joyful News !  
That pious Man, whose simple Dress bespake him  
Some Woodman of the Dale, was royal ALFRED,  
Our most gracious King.

E M M A.

More Wonders yet !

That gentle Lady, whom we serve and honour,  
Is good ELTRUDA, ENGLAND's matchless Queen.

C H O R U S.

O joyful Tale ! conduct, protect 'em, Heav'n !

C O R I N.

Prince EDWARD is dispatch'd to Kinwith Castle,  
And num'rous Troops are marching to the Forest,  
T' attack the DANES, with ALFRED at their Head.

I fly to know the Issue,

[Exit.]

C H O R U S.

O blessed Day ! O happy Isle.

C H O-

## A L F R E D.

17

### C H O R U S.

Should ENGLAND succeed, we'll crown the Day's Labour,  
With Ale and good Cheer, the Pipe and the Tabor:  
Each Nymph shall be kind, and each Shepherd be gay,  
If ENGLAND, OLD ENGLAND, but conquer To-Day.

E L T R U D A advances.

Enter C O R I N, hastily.

My royal Queen, I bring you joyful News;  
The King returns victorious.

E L T R U D A.

Thanks, kind Heav'n!

I fly to meet the Lord of all my Wishes,

A I R.

O ! what Joy does Conquest yield,  
When returning from the Field!  
O ! how glorious 'tis to see  
The Hero crown'd with Victory !  
Laurel Wreaths his Head surrounding,  
Banners waving in the Wind,  
FAME her golden Trumpet sounding,  
Ev'ry Voice in Chorus join'd;

C O R I N.

Here let us post ourselves to give him welcome,  
And dedicate the Interim to Mirth.

C

A I R.

## ALFRED

## AIR and CHORUS.

EMMA.

Arise, sweet Messenger of Morn,  
 With thy mild Beams this Isle adorn;  
 For long as Shepherds pipe and play,  
 This, this shall be a Holiday.

II.

See, Morn appears, a rosy Hue  
 Steals soft o'er yonder orient Blue;  
 Well are we met in trim Array,  
 To frolic out this Holiday.

III.

Each Nymph be like the blushing Morn,  
 That gayly brightens o'er the Lawn,  
 Each Shepherd, like the Sun, be gay,  
 And grateful keep this Holiday.

Enter ALFRED in Triumph; ELENA, &c.

ALFRED.

Thus may I ever greet my gentle Queen:  
 My gallant Friends, and every faithful Subject,  
 Assist their Wants, encourage home-bred Arts,  
 And save them from the Wreck of foreign Plander.

ELLEN &amp; DIANA.

O! my dear Lord, to see thee, hold thee thus,  
 Is Rapture, Extasy beyond Expression!

AIR.

AIR

# A L F R E D.

19

## A I R.

### A L F R E D.

I.

Peace, with Olive Branch descending,  
Now revisits ALBION's Isle,  
Freedom too, with her attending,  
Makes the Face of Nature smile

II.

### E L T R U D A.

O what Rapture past, expressing,  
Must the royal Heart expand,  
Thus return'd with ev'ry Blessing,  
To rejoice a grateful Land.

III.

Foul to Day and fair To-morrow  
Is the Lot of Nature still;  
Passing through the Vale of Sorrow,  
We ascend true Pleasure's Hill.

### C H O R U S.

BOTH. Peace, &c.

### A L F R E D.

BRITONS, proceed, the subject Deep command;  
Awe with your Natives every hostile Land:  
In vain their Threats, their Armies all are vain,  
They rule the balanc'd World, who rule the Main.

A I R.

*A L F R E D.**A I R.**I.*

When BRITAIN first, at Heav'n's Command,  
 Arose from out the azure Main;  
 This was the Charter of the Land,  
 And guardian Angels sung this Strain:  
 Rule BRITANNIA, rule the Waves;  
 BRITONS never will be Slaves.

*II.*

The Nations, not so blest as Thee,  
 Must, in their Turns, to Tyrants fall:  
 While thou shalt flourish great and free,  
 The Dread and Envy of them all,  
 Rule, &c.

*III.*

Thee, haughty Tyrants ne'er shall tame;  
 All their Attempts to bend thee down,  
 Will but arouse thy gen'rous Flame;  
 But work their Woe and thy Renown,  
 Rule, &c.

*IV.**G R A N D C H O R U S.*

The Muses still with Freedom found,  
 Shall to thy happy Coast repair:  
 Blest Isle! with matchless Beauty crown'd,  
 And manly Hearts to guard the Fair,  
 Rule, &c.

*F I N I S.*

